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SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER III.

"You smile, Chevalier," said the Count.

"Why, you make me think of the *Calas*," he replied, "and this brings to my mind *the horse and the whole stable*.⁽¹⁾ See how ideas are linked together—and how imagination never ceases to interrupt reason."

"Make no apology," returned the Count, "for you do me a favour in bringing to my mind that famous judgment, which furnishes me with a proof of what I just said. Nothing could be less proved, gentlemen, I assure you, than the innocence of Calas. There are a thousand reasons to doubt it, and even to believe the contrary. But nothing has struck me as much as the original letter of Voltaire to the celebrated Tronchin of Geneva, which I perused at my leisure, some years ago. In the midst of a most animated public discussion in which Voltaire figured and boasted, as the protector of innocence and humanity, he played the buffoon in this letter as though he was writing to the *opéra-comique*. I remember particularly a phrase that struck me: *you have found my memoir rather warm, but I am preparing another AU BAIN MARIE*. It was in this grave and sentimental style that that *philosopher* breathed into the ear of a man who possessed his confidence, while all Europe was resounding with his fanatical *Trenodies*.

"But, enough of Calas. If the innocent perish, it is an evil like any other—that is to say, common to all men. If the guilty escape, it is another exception of the same kind. But it always continues true, speaking generally, *that there is on earth an universal and visible order for the temporal punishment of crime*: and I should, moreover, make you observe, that the guilty do not deceive, by a good deal, the eye of Justice, as often as might be believed, were

(1.) The Duke of A—— having inquired of a person at Thoulouse how it was possible that the tribunal of that city could have been so cruelly mistaken? "*A good horse may balk*," replied the citizen, in the common proverb. "True," responded the Duke, "*but the whole stable!*"

the simple theory considered, bearing in mind the infinite precautions which they take to conceal their crimes. There is often in the circumstances which detect the most skilful criminals something so unexpected, so astounding, so unforeseen, that men, called by their profession or by their reflections to pursue affairs of this sort, are inclined to think that human justice is not entirely divested, in searching out guilt, of a certain extraordinary aid.

"Permit me to add another consideration—to exhaust this chapter of punishment. As it is very possible that we are in error when we accuse human justice of sparing a guilty man; for, he whom we regard as such is not really so, it is on the other hand equally possible that a man condemned to punishment for a crime of which he is not guilty, may really have deserved it for some crime absolutely unknown. Happily and unhappily there are too many examples of this kind proved by the acknowledgment of the guilty;—and there is a greater number, I believe, of which we are ignorant. This last supposition merits peculiar attention. For, though the judges, in these cases, are greatly culpable or unfortunate, providence, in whose hands every thing, even an obstacle, is a means, does not neglect to take advantage of crime or ignorance to execute that justice which we demand. It is certain that the two suppositions notably restrict the number of exceptions. You see then how this pretended equality which I had supposed, is deranged by the mere consideration of human justice.

"From the corporal punishments it inflicts, let us now pass to disease. You already anticipate me. Were intemperance of every kind banished from the world, most of maladies, perhaps I might say all, would be destroyed. This all the world can see in a general and confused manner: but it is well to consider the thing more nearly. If there were no moral evil on earth, there would be no physical evil: and since an infinity of evils are the immediate produce of certain disorders, is it not true that analogy leads us to generalize the observation? Perhaps you remember the vigorous, and at times, disgusting tirade of Seneca against the maladies of his age? It is interesting to see the epoch of Nero marked by an abundance of evils unknown to all preceding times. He jocosely cries out: 'are you surprised at this innumerable quantity of diseases? count the cooks?'⁽¹⁾ He complains particularly of the women. 'Hippocrates,' he says, 'the oracle of medicine, had asserted that women are not subject to the gout. He was correct as far as his own age was concerned: at present he would be wrong. But since they have laid aside their sex to assume another, let them be condemned to partake of all the evils of that of which they have adopted all the vices. *May Heaven curse them for the infamous usurpation which these miserable beings have dared to make upon ours.*'⁽²⁾ There are, without doubt, diseases, which are, as cannot be too often said, but the accidental results of the general law. The most moral must die: two men, who over fatigue themselves, one to save an individual, another to assassinate him, may both die of pleurisy.

(1.) *Innumeros esse morbos miraris? coquos numera?* (Ep. xcv.)

(2.) This is pretty nearly his language. The reader, however, would do well to see the text. The frightful picture which Seneca thus presents is equally deserving the attention of the physician and the moralist.

But, what a frightful number of maladies in general, and accidents in particular, are not owing to our vices? I remember that Bossuet, preaching before Louis XIV., and all his Court, called on medicine to testify to the melancholy consequences of pleasure.⁽¹⁾ He had reason, indeed, to cite what was most evident and striking: but he might have generalized the observation. For myself, I cannot but agree with the opinion of a new apologist, who holds that all diseases have their source in some or other vice proscribed by the Gospel. That that holy law contains the true medicine for the body as well as for the soul; insomuch that in a society of just men who would make use of it, death would be but the inevitable term of a robust and healthy old age. An opinion which, I believe, was entertained by Origen. What deceives us on this point is that when the effect is not immediate, we no longer perceive it—but it is not less real. Diseases once established, propagate, increase, amalgamate by a fatal affinity, so that we may to-day suffer the physical punishment of an excess committed a century ago. Still, notwithstanding the confusion which results from these frightful combinations, the analogy between crimes and diseases is visible to any attentive observer. There are evils—as there are crimes—*actual* and *original*, *accidental* and *habitual*, *mortal*, and *venial*. These are the evils of sloth, of anger, of gluttony, of incontinence, &c. &c. Observe, moreover, that there are crimes which are characterized, and consequently have distinctive appellations, in all languages; such as murder, incest, sacrilege, &c. And others which are designated only by general terms; such as fraud, injustice, violence, &c. There are likewise characterized diseases; such as dropsy, consumption, apoplexy, &c., and others which are designated by general names of pains, fevers, &c. The more virtuous a man is, the more he is exposed to diseases which are specified *by names*.

“Bacon, though a Protestant, could not but fix his observing eye upon that great number of saints (particularly monks and solitaries) whom God has favoured with long lives. And the contrary observation is not less striking, as there is not a vice, not a crime, not a disorderly passion, that does not produce in the physical order, an effect more or less fatal, more or less remote. A beautiful analogy between diseases and crimes is derived from the fact, that the divine Author of our religion, who always displayed the power of a master, to prove his mission in the eyes of men—to enkindle volcanoes, or make the thunder fall: but who never changed the laws of nature but to do good to mankind; this divine Master, I say, before curing the sick who were presented to him, never failed to pardon their sins, and render public testimony to the holy faith by which they were reconciled.⁽²⁾ His language to the leper is peculiarly remarkable: ‘Take care now to sin no more lest some worse thing happen to thee.’

“It appears even that we are led to penetrate in some measure, this great secret, by reflecting on a truth, the mere enunciation of which is a demonstration for any man who knows any thing about philosophy, namely, ‘that no disease

(1.) Serm. contr. l’amour des plaisirs.

(2.) Bourdaloue has made nearly the same observation in his sermon on predestination: VIS SANUS FIERI?—a master-piece of holy and consoling logic.

could have a material cause.' However, though reason, as well as revelation and experience unite in convincing us of the fatal union which exists between moral and physical evil, we not only refuse to perceive the material consequences of those passions which reside in the soul, but we do not examine sufficiently by a good deal, the ravages of those which have their roots in the physical organs, and the effects of which should surprise us the more. A thousand times, for example, we have repeated the old adage that the *table kills more than war*; but there are many who do not consider enough the immense truth of this axiom. Whoever examines it severely will stand convinced that he eats, by half, more than is necessary. From the excess in quantity, pass to the abuses of quality: examine, in all its details, that perfidious act of exciting the deceitful appetite which kills us; think of the innumerable caprices of intemperance; of those seductive *compositions* which produce on the body precisely the same effect as bad books produce on the mind, which is at the same time surcharged and corrupted; and you will clearly see how nature, continually attacked by these vile excesses, struggles, in vain, against our violence, must yield, at length, notwithstanding her wonderful resources, and receive from us the germ of a thousand evils. Philosophy had discovered, from the earliest times, that all human wisdom was contained in these two words: *SUSTINE ET ABSTINE.*(1) And though this weak legislation only affords a matter of ridicule by its better laws, because it wants the power to enforce obedience, still we must be just, and give it credit for the truths which it has published. It understood well that the strong inclinations of a man being vicious to such a point that they evidently tend to the destruction of society, he had no greater enemy than himself: and when he has learned to conquer himself, he has learned every thing.(2) But the Christian law, which is nothing but the revealed will of him who knows every thing and can do every thing, does not confine itself to vain counsels. In matters of abstinence in general, or of the habitual victory achieved over our desires, a capital precept, which must regulate the life of man, and, moreover, makes of the privation, more or less severe, more or less frequent, of the pleasures of the table, even those that are lawful, a fundamental law which may be modified according to circumstances, but which continues always unchangeable in its essence. If we wished to reason on this privation, called *fasting*, by considering it in a spiritual manner, it would suffice to hear and understand the language of the Church addressed to God with the infallibility which she has received: *Thou makest use of a corporeal abstinence to raise our minds to thee, to repress our vices, to give us virtue and reward.*(3) But I do not mean as yet, to go beyond the temporal circle. Often have I thought with admiration and gratitude of that salutary law which opposes periodical and legal abstinences to the destructive action which intemperance continually exer-

(1.) *Endure and abstain.* This is the famous *ANEXOI KAI ANEXOI* of the Stoics.

(2.) The most simple, pious, humble, and therefore the most penetrating of all ascetic writers, has said, that our daily study should be to render ourselves stronger than ourselves. *Hoc deberet esse negotium nostrum; quotidie se ipso fortiozem reddere.* (Imit. of Christ, ch. I. 3;) a maxim worthy of a christian Epictetes.

(3.) Preface of the Mass for Lent.

cises on our organs, and which prevents at least, all accelerative energy, by obliging us always to recommence. Nothing could be imagined more wise, viewing it merely in relation to health ; and nothing could unite, in more perfect accord, the temporal advantage of man with his interests and wants of a superior order."

" You have pointed out one of the great sources of moral evil," said the Senator, " and which of itself, vindicates Providence in his temporal ways, when we dare judge him under this head. But passion, the most unrestrained, and the most dear to human nature, is that which should most attract our attention, since it brings upon man more evils than all the other vices together. We have a horror for murder ; but what are all murders put together, what is war, compared with that vice which is as it were, the bad principle—*homicide from the beginning* ? which acts upon possibilities, murders what does not exist as yet, and watches over the sources of life only to vitiate and impoverish them. Strange there should have always been in the world, in virtue of its actual constitution, an immense conspiracy to justify, to embellish, I had almost said to consecrate this vice, and yet, there is none on which the sacred Scriptures have accumulated more temporal anathemas. The wise man denounces, with redoubled wisdom, the fatal consequences of *sinful nights* : and if we look round with pure and well-directed eyes, nothing prevents us from observing the incontestable accomplishment of these anathemas. The reproduction of man, who, on one side resembles the brute, raises him on the other, to the pure intelligences, by the laws which surround this great mystery of nature, and by the sublime participation granted to him who renders himself worthy of it. But how terrible is the sanction of these laws ! If we could clearly perceive all the evils which result from disordinate generations, and the numberless profanations of the first law of the world, we would recoil with horror. Behold why the only true religion is the only one which, without being able to say every thing to man, has, nevertheless taken marriage under its control, and submitted it to holy ordinances. It seems to me that her legislation on this point, should be placed in the rank of the proofs the most striking, of her divinity. The wise men of antiquity, though deprived of the lights which we possess, were, notwithstanding, nearer the origin of things, and some remnants of the primitive traditions had descended to them. Thus we see that they were strongly taken up with this important subject : for not only they believed that the vices, moral and physical, are transmitted from fathers to children, but, by a natural consequence of that belief, they warned man to examine carefully the state of his soul, when he seemed to obey only material laws. What would they not have said, had they known what man is, and what his will CAN EFFECT. LET MEN, THEREFORE, TAKE TO THEMSELVES the most part of the evils which affect them. They suffer justly what they will make others suffer in their turn. Our children will feel the punishment of our faults : our fathers have avenged them in advance."

" Be assured, my respectable friend," said the Chevalier, " that if you were listened to by certain men of my acquaintance, they might well accuse you of being *illuminated*."

" Were those men of whom you speak," returned the Senator, " to address me that compliment at the end of a letter, I would thank them sincerely : for

there is nothing more pleasing or more honourable, than to be really *illuminated*. But this is not your meaning. In any case, if I be *illuminated*, I do not, at least, derive my light from those whom we spoke of before : for my lights surely do not come from them. Meanwhile, if the nature of our studies, sometimes leads us to turn over the works of some extraordinary men, you yourself have furnished me a certain rule which cannot lead astray : a rule, to which, as you have said a moment ago, Chevalier, you are in the habit of submitting your conduct—the rule of general usefulness. When an opinion does not shock any acknowledged truth, and which tends to elevate man, to perfect him, to render him master of his passions, I see not why it should be rejected. Can man be too deeply penetrated with his spiritual dignity? He could not, certainly, deceive himself in believing that it is of the highest importance for him never to act in matters placed within his power, as a blind instrument of providence, but as an intelligent minister, free and submissive, with a will, anterior and determined, to obey the plans of him who sends him. If he is mistaken with regard to the extent of the effects which he attributes to this will, it must be admitted, that he errs innocently, and I may add, fortunately.”

“I admit, with all my heart, this rule of usefulness,” rejoined the Count, “common to all men. But you and myself have another, Chevalier, which guards us from all error ;—it is authority. Let men say and write what they please—our fathers have cast the anchor—let us hold to it, fearless alike of the *illuminati* and the impious. For the rest, in discarding from this discussion all that may be regarded as hypothetical, I shall always have the right to lay down this incontestable principle : *that the moral vices can augment the number and intensity of diseases to a point, which it is impossible to define ; and reciprocally that this hideous empire of physical evil may be restrained by virtue within limits, which it is impossible to fix ;* as there is not the least doubt of this proposition, nothing more is necessary to justify the ways of providence, even in the temporal order, especially if we add this consideration to that of human justice—since it is demonstrated, that, under the double point of view, the privilege of virtue is incalculable, independently of all appeal to reason, and even of all religious consideration. Do you wish now that we depart from the temporal order?”

“I begin to grow so weary of the earth,” replied the Chevalier, “that you will confer a favour on me, by transporting me somewhat higher. If then——”

“I object to the voyage, to-night,” returned the Senator, “the pleasures of conversation solace us, and the day deceives us—for, it is now fully midnight. Let us then retire, on the faith of our watches ; and to-morrow, let us be faithful to our *rendez-vous*.”

“You are right,” said the Count, “men of our age, should at this season, prescribe to themselves a night of *convention* to sleep peacefully : as they should make a factitious day in winter, for their work. As to the Chevalier, nothing prevents him, after quitting his grave friends, to amuse himself in the *beau monde*. He will, no doubt, find more than one family who are not yet at table.”

“I will profit by your advice, Count,” returned the Chevalier, “on condition that you will do me the justice to believe that I am not quite sure that I will

amuse myself in the *beau monde*, as much as here. But tell me before separating, whether evil and good may not, perchance, be distributed in the world like day and night. At this season we light our candles only for form : in six months we will hardly ever extinguish them. At Quito they are lighted and extinguished each day at the same hour. Between these two extremities, day and night go on increasing from the equator to the pole : but at the end of the year, each has its full account : and each man has received his four thousand three hundred and eighty hours of day and night. What think you, Count ?

"We will speak of it to-morrow," he replied.

Hymn to St. Rose of Lima.

1.

First floweret of the desert wild,
Whose leaves the sweets of Grace exhale ;
We hail thee, Lima's sainted child,
Rose of America,—all hail !

2.

When first appeared the infant smile
Beaming upon thy features meek,
It seemed as if there blushed, the while,
The rose-bud on thy virgin cheek.⁽¹⁾

3.

And hence thy name, saint Rose, was given,
Not by thy earthly parent's choice ;
But by the holy Queen of heaven,
Who bade thee in that name rejoice.⁽²⁾

4.

Transplanted from the worldly gaze,
Which sometimes taints the fairest flowers ;
In solitude thou loved'st to praise
Thy spouse, amid Religion's bowers.

5.

There oft thy mind, too pure, too high,
For this low world of sin and strife,
Held blest communion with the sky,
Enjoying Heaven, while yet in life.

6.

And once, amid thy rapturous prayer,
Thy heavenly spouse himself came down,
And sweetly breathed into thine ear :
"Rose of my heart, receive thy crown!"⁽³⁾

7.

And whilst amid his glories now
Thou seest him face to face—oh ! deign,
Saint Rose, to hear thy suppliant's vow,
That grace and glory we may gain.

(1.) Vultus infantis mirabiliter in Rosæ effigiem transfiguratus, &c. (*Breviar. Rom.*)

(2.) Cui postea Virgo Deipara cognomen adjecit, jubens vocari ROSA A S. MARIA. (*Id.*)

(3.) A Christo has voces audire meruit: "ROSA cordis mei, tu mihi sponsa esto." (*Id.*)

Hymn to St. Cecilia.

1.

LET the deep organ swell the lay,
In honour of this festive day :
And let the harmonious choir proclaim
CECILIA'S ever-blessed name.

2.

Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,
Whose memory hath filled the earth :
And in the early dawn of youth,
She fixed her heart on God and Truth.

3.

For, though Valerian had sought
To make her his—she yielded not :
But strengthened by an angel bright,
To heaven she pledged her solemn plight. ⁽¹⁾

4.

Then, from the world's bewildering strife,
In peace she spent her holy life ;
Teaching the Organ to combine
With Voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

5.

But jealous of her Virgin dower,
The Prefect, clad with threatening power,
Bade her, forthwith, her Faith deny,
And with the pagan rites comply.

6.

Most firmly did her heart withstand ;—
She smiled upon the fell command
To plunge her in a bath of fire,
There to be tortured—and expire.

7.

But there the VIRGIN felt no pain ;
Though night and day did she remain :
When, fired with vengeance, with a blow
The Lictor laid the MARTYR low. ⁽²⁾

8.

CECILIA, with a two-fold crown
Adorned in heaven, we pray, look down
Upon thy fervent votaries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.

C. C. P.

(1.) Ego, Valeriane, in Angeli tutela sum, qui Virginitatem meam custodit, &c. (*Breviar. Rom.*)

(2.) Eo in furore concitatus est (Præfectus) ut eam in ipsius ædes reductam in balneo comburi jusserit quo in loco, cum diem noctemque ita fuisset ut ne flamma quidem illam attingeret, &c. (*Ibid.*)

LETTERS TO ADA.—FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

SECOND SERIES.

“ C'est la tout ce que nous demandons d'eux : nous ne leur disons point : croyez—mais examinez.”

Essai sur L'Indifférence.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND, &C. &C.

LETTER III.—THE POPE.

YES, Ada, when my mind dwells upon the magnificence of St. Peter's at Rome, it becomes confused at the recollection—it cannot bear the splendour and majesty of that eternal Basilic. Art has exhausted its ingenuity : architecture has accomplished its *chef d'œuvre* : sculpture has done every thing but animate the marble : painting has emulated nature herself—all the hues of the rainbow seem to have been transferred from the arch of heaven upon the massy arches of this Temple. There is a glare of glory issuing from the shrine of the apostles, which dazzles the mortal eye : there is a mingled beauty and sublimity ; grace and awe ; light and gloom ; which can only be found, amid the gorgeous mosaics, the colossal columns, the gilded walls, and frescos, and bass-relievos, and never-dying lamps, and papal mausoleums—which delight, enrapture, distract, the stranger's memory !

It was Easter-morning : and beautifully did it smile from the dappled east, upon the hills of Rome ! The cross on the dome of the Vatican glittered in the beams : the flags streamed from the spires of St. Angelo, while the canon's thunder roared. The blue vault of heaven rang with the infinite peals of bells swinging on high, and chiming to the honour of the festival. Carriage after carriage rolled up the area, as the fresh fountain leaped into air with joy, and the obelisk of Sesostri's witnessed the triumph of the Christian Church ! Steeds pressed upon steeds, neighing and prancing under their brilliant caparisons. Cardinals in full array of scarlet robes, and followed by their suite, appeared—and patriarchs with glittering tiaras—and archbishops and bishops with precious mitres—and priests with rich copes—and monks with variegated habits—white, black, grey—and nobles, and princes, and ambassadors, and citizens, and strangers—formed a magnificent procession, and waited the arrival of the Pope.

He comes ! his young knights with long plumes nodding from their helmets, and their elegant falchions flashing in their hands, precede. The drums beat—the music sounds—strains almost heavenly steal at a distance on the ravished ear, gradually swell on, until they burst, in full approach, upon the crowds who bend their knees, and rend the air with acclamations, while the sovereign Pontiff bestows his benediction.

Behold, Ada, the Father of the Christian world ! the visible head of the Christian Church ! yes, Pope is synonymous with Father. It is derived from the Greek word ΠΑΡΑ, which signifies father—a word which is lisped by the first accents of filial love.

The contemplation of this display leads us into the great question ; “ Is the

Pope the chief Bishop of the Church—is he entitled to a rank and jurisdiction above the other Bishops of the Church?"

I answer in the affirmative; and it is of course incumbent on me to state the arguments on which I ground my reply. If I can prove that Peter enjoyed the supremacy over the apostles—that he was made the visible head of the Church—that he established his see at ROME, no further doubt will be left on the subject of the Pope's supremacy. Let us first have recourse to Scripture. You will there find, that Peter was the first to confess Christ's divinity. First to whom Christ appeared after his resurrection. First to preach the gospel to the Gentiles and to the Jews. First in the Council of Jerusalem. First in exercising a judicial authority. First in the enumeration made of the apostles by all the evangelists.

Let us examine each of these propositions in order.

I. Peter first confessed the divinity of Christ. This fact is recorded by St. Matthew, in his sixteenth chapter, verses 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. I will quote them from the Protestant version :

"When Jesus came unto the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?"

"And they said, some say that thou art John the Baptist: some Elias; and others Jeremias, or some of the prophets.

"He saith unto them, but whom say ye that I am?"

"And SIMON PETER answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

"And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

It was in consequence of the public avowal of Peter, that he deserved to be made the rock, on which the Church is built—or in other words, to be made the HEAD of the Church.

II. To Peter Christ appeared first.

Read the whole of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, and you will find in the thirty-fourth verse, these words: "The Lord has risen truly and APPEARED TO SIMON."

III. Peter was the first to preach.

Of this, the Acts of the Apostles bear testimony. Consult the second chapter, beginning at the fourteenth verse, and you will read that "Peter standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words:" &c. &c.

Again, in the tenth chapter, verse 34, Peter first received the Gentiles into

the Church :” “ Then Peter opened his mouth and said, of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons,” &c.

IV. Peter presided at the Council of Jerusalem, Acts, chapter xv. verses 5, 6, 7, 8, &c. : “ And when there had been much disputing, PETER ROSE UP and said to them, Men and brethren,” &c. After he had finished, there was silence ; Peter decided the question, and all submitted—“ then all the multitude kept silence.”

V. First to exercise authority.

Turn to the fifth chapter of the Acts, Ada, and read from the first to the eleventh verse, and you will have no doubt on this question.

VI. The Evangelists all rank Peter first when they mention the apostles : St. Matthew expressly says, in his tenth chapter and second verse : “ THE FIRST, Simon who is called Peter.” The names of the others are placed indiscriminately—Peter always first. While the other apostles were scattered through the world, preaching the gospel to the nations afar off, Peter presided originally at Antioch, the capital of the east ; founded the Church of Alexandria, through Mark his disciple ; and finally established his see in the very metropolis of paganism, where it has continued ever since, having changed the temples of idolatry into Christian Sanctuaries. There shall the Vicar of Christ abide, there shall he exercise the authority of his supremacy, there shall all generations recognise the centre of unity—and there shall the successor of Peter be protected, enlightened, and strengthened by Him, who promised that he would pray that Peter’s “ faith should not fail.”

ADIEU.

St. Francis Xavier.

A SONNET.

A brighter name shines not upon the page
Of sacred history : from early youth
Trained to perfection by a saint and sage,
His heart was fired with virtue and with truth.
Europe amazed beheld his high career :
But Europe could not bound his zeal intense ;
It grasps the regions of a distant sphere,
And ranges over seas and space immense.
The unknown realms of unexplored Japan
Saw millions bow before the saving sign :
The Bonzees marvelled at the holy man,
And China owned his mission as divine.
An humble Jesuit—armed with heavenly might—
He conquered worlds to God, and filled them with his light.

M. E. M.

HARRY LAYDEN.—A MORAL TALE.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

Nothing is more common with poets and other fiction-mongers, than to give to external nature an appearance of sympathy in the joys and griefs of their ideal creations, and yet sunshine and storm care no more for us, who really crawl upon this mundane sphere, than if we never had been called into existence. Indeed, the bridal morn is but too often ushered in with clouds, and how frequently do the sweet heavens smile most sweetly upon the couch of pain, or untombed coffin—the casket wherein is locked the heart's best treasure. In truth, a more lovely day never shone—in the page of the novelist—than that with which we have chosen to commence our eventful history. But the bright blue of the heavens, the dazzling splendour of the rising sun, the gentle breaths of the “sweet south” could bring no brightness to the glazed eye, nor strength to the fainting heart, no refreshing coolness to the fevered brow of one poor sufferer, who, on a miserable pallet, in a dark, unventilated room, was breathing out her spirit to Him from whom she had received it.

The time had been when the slightest indisposition of Lucy Bronson—the favourite alike of fortune and of nature—would have gathered within the princely mansion of her father “troops of friends.” But now, at her dying hour, three anxious beings only bent over her humble couch. One was the kind old creature who, almost to the neglect of her own means of subsistence, had attended the sufferer with maternal care; and the others, the venerable clergyman who had just administered the last rites of his Church to the mother, and the first to an infant that now lay apparently forgotten in a chair in a corner; and the third, the wretched husband of the dying girl.

Lucy Bronson was an only child; and, having lost her mother while an infant, was beloved by her surviving parent with all that engrossing fondness of which a heart, whose affections have been made to centre in one object alone, is capable. As the love of her father for her had been unbounded, so had been his confidence in her; and it was with a degree of grief and rage not to be conceived by any who have not so loved and trusted, that the devoted parent first learned his daughter had deceived him. Without listening to one word in extenuation of the crime of which she had been guilty—the crime of bestowing her heart and hand upon one who had been convicted of poverty—he indignantly spurned her from his door, and from that hour until the present they had never met. This, however, poor Lucy thought, had been the fault of circumstances rather than of her father; for the obscurity into which she had been driven by her unfortunate marriage was too deep to be penetrated by any of her former friends, and consequently no voice was ever raised in favour of the outcast.

She had passed a bad night, and in her delirium had raved incessantly of her father and husband, pleading alternately with one for the other ; but was now more calm and collected, and by her earnest request her father was sent for.

"Have you seen him?" she asked in a feeble voice, as Mrs. Graley, who had been the messenger, entered.

"I have *achree*," was the answer, "but with enough to do."

"Does he forgive me?" she eagerly demanded.

"He does, *alanna*, he does."

"Will he not see me, too?"

"He will, *acushla*, by and by."

"By and by," said poor Lucy, heavily sighing, "will be too late ! He may indeed see me, but I shall never again see him !" and folding her hands meekly upon her bosom, she suffered her tears awhile to fall unchecked, and, though her lips moved, they gave forth no sound. But, with a strong effort, she now roused herself and beckoned her husband, as if she would speak to him. He bent forward ; when starting up and throwing her arms around him, she pressed her lips to his with passionate fondness. The next moment her husband relaxed—she fell heavily back—she was dead !

The door was now thrown open, and a stout, hard-visaged old gentleman abruptly entered. He cast one look upon the bed—the rigid features of death were before him—and with a shudder he sank upon a chair. He uttered not a word—not even a sigh escaped him—but the trembling of his strong frame, as he sat covering his face with his hands, declared more eloquently than words the pent-up agony of his bosom. This, it is hardly necessary to add, was the father of the unfortunate Lucy.

Having conquered his emotion, or at least, having suppressed all outward manifestations of it, the old gentleman rose and approached the body of his child, from which poor Layden, who, in a paroxysm of grief, had thrown himself upon it, was just risen. Each looked upon the other as accessory to the death of the beautiful being before them ; and the hot glances they exchanged as their eyes now met, most unequivocally declared the bitter animosity that rankled in their bosoms. But the presence of the dead forbade all further expression of it ; and in a little while even hatred was forgotten in grief for their mutual loss.

Mr. Bronson was one of a numerous class, who, in an ostentatious display of respect for the dead, think to atone for all uncharitableness to the living ; and he now determined that the poor girl whom he had suffered to die in poverty and neglect, should be buried with all the "pomp and circumstance" of woe. To this arrangement, though wounding alike to his affection and his pride, Layden, who had no alternative but Potter's Field, yielded a reluctant consent, and the unconscious body was that night restored to the home from which, not many months before, poor Lucy had been driven to suffering and to death ; and on the third day after, attended by the "friends of the family," filling three or four of the long line of carriages that went to make up the show, was borne to the place appointed for all living.

But while the stately hearse with nodding plumes, and its attendant train of

carriages were slowly parading Broadway, a young man, poorly clad, and with his hat drawn down so as almost to conceal his features, might have been seen on the eastern side of the street pursuing the same course with slow and faltering steps. He followed the procession into the Churchyard, but seemed unwilling or unable to approach the grave; and while the clergyman repeated the burial service, stood at some distance, as pale and motionless as the monumental marble against which he leaned. But when all others had departed and he found himself alone, with the shades of night gathering thickly around him, the agony he had so long shut up within his breast burst forth, and throwing himself upon the insensible earth, he wept long and bitterly; and not till night was "almost at odds with morning" did Layden return to the home which now indeed to him was desolate!

The next morning, while sitting with his eyes bent upon the emaciated features of the helpless creature that had cried itself to sleep in his arms, he was roused from the stupor of grief into which he had fallen by some one entering the room; and upon looking up, he beheld the father of Lucy. He rose and pointed to a seat, but his heart was too full for speech, and the old gentleman, after two or three preparatory hems! was obliged to open the conversation.

"I have come thus early, young man," he said, with an attempt at a conciliatory tone and manner, "to make you an offer, and every thing considered, if you have nothing better in view—and it is my opinion you hardly can have—it is one you would do well to accept. You are young, and have your way yet to make in the world; and your efforts for that purpose must be sadly crippled by the care of a child. Now, what I have to propose is this—that you give the child up to me—unconditionally, of course—and I will do for it as if it were my own. What say you?"

"I thank you," answered the young man coldly, and bowing stiffly, "but I cannot accept your offer—generous, as you no doubt think, it is."

"And why not, I should like to know? One would think that, in times like these, you would find it hard enough to take care of yourself, without being burthened with a child."

"Hard enough I shall assuredly find it," returned Layden in a tone of asperity, but without raising his eyes. "Yet with the certainty of its being ten times harder with me than I have any fear it shall, I would not accept your offer."

"But—" began the old man.

"Mr. Bronson," said the young man, interrupting him, and his pale cheek flushed, and his sunken eye kindled, "upon this subject I will hear no more! What, sir, give up my boy—the being for whom my poor Lucy yielded up her life,—to the tender mercies of him who for a single fault could cast upon a cold and heartless world his own and only child—to live in want and wretchedness, and to die in a place like this! And what was the heinous crime for which she was so severely punished? Giving herself to one, who though equal to the proudest of her race, had the misfortune to be poor and the disgrace of having been her father's clerk! No, sir," he continued, with a look of proud resolve, "though my poor boy should be doomed to drain the bitter chalice of

which his parents have drunk so deeply, I would welcome it for him sooner than the blessings of affluence if derived from the bounty of one like you !”

“Then keep him !” exclaimed Mr. Bronson, starting up in a rage, “and if one dollar of mine were to save him from starvation, that dollar he should never touch !” and he hurried out of the room.

Now, though highly heroic, the stand taken by Layden can hardly be commended for its prudence ; yet for nearly three years, which he spent in that miserable abode, dividing his time between the business of a lawyer’s drudge and the care of his infant son, he never for a moment appeared to regret it.

Much has been said and sung of the beauty and holiness of a mother’s love ; and no one knows better than we what a beautiful and holy thing it is !—yet, we are bold to assert, that the love of a father, exposed to similar trials, is scarcely inferior to it, and few mothers could guard with more untiring care the infant years of their children than did the poor and solitary Layden those of his motherless boy.

But, according to the adage, “it is a long lane that has no turn,” and the one in which Layden had become heart-weary, took a very favourable one at last ; for the providential meeting with an old school-fellow, brought with it the offer of a clerkship in a southern city upon the most advantageous terms. This, of course, was readily and thankfully accepted. But then a difficulty arose that he hardly knew how to overcome. What was to become of his little Harry ? To take him with him at that unhealthy season was out of the question, and to leave him behind seemed almost as much so. Yet leave him behind he must ; and in this emergency he bethought him of kind old Biddy Graley, who, besides taking care of their clothes, had occasionally acted as assistant nurse to the child ; and accordingly to her care he was surrendered, until time and circumstances should permit his father to send for him. But, when time and circumstances concurred, instead of the child that Captain Skaats of the Brig Ann Eliza was commissioned to bring to the anxious parent, he received the melancholy intelligence of his son’s death. How true that intelligence was, remains to be shown.

LAMBETH RECORDS.

[The reader will not have forgotten the paper in the last number of the *Expositor*, entitled “the Catholic Church and the Scriptures.” The subject will demand more particular enquiry, as was promised, at a future time. Meanwhile, his attention may most usefully, especially in the present state of agitation and doubt which pervades a large portion of the English Church, be directed to the “Records,” by which Protestant Bishops endeavour to prove the consecration of their first Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Matthew Parker. This highly valuable article is taken from Ward’s *Errata*, and is eminently calculated to interest and instruct every impartial mind on one of the most essential of all disputed points.]

In the beginning of king James the First’s reign, a new translation of the Bible being undertaken, the said falsification of Scripture corrected, and a full

resolution put on of assuming to themselves the character of consecrated bishops and priests; they thought it absolutely necessary to derive this character from such bishops as had been, as they thought, consecrated by Roman Catholic Bishops; by whose hands they would now make the world believe, the first of their predecessors, Matthew Parker, was consecrated with great solemnity at Lambeth. To which purpose, they presume to obtrude upon the world certain, before unheard of, records or registers. But the age in which the sun first shone upon these records, viz. anno 1613, not being so easily imposed upon as was expected, the said Lambeth register became suspected, and, for divers reasons, detected as a forged instrument. Fitz-Herbert, a man of great sincerity and authority, wrote against these Lambeth Records, in the very year that Mr. Mason, workman to Dr. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, first published to the world. These are his words: * "It was my chance to understand, that one Mr. Mason lately published a book, wherein he endeavours to prove the consecration of the first Protestant bishops, by a register, testifying, that four bishops consecrated Matthew Parker, the first archbishop of Canterbury. Thou shalt therefore understand, good reader, that this our exception, touching the lawful vocation and consecration of the first Protestant bishops in the late queen's day, is not a new quarrel, now lately raised; but vehemently urged divers times heretofore, by many other Catholics, many years ago; yea, in the very beginning of the late queen's reign: as namely, by two learned doctors, Harding and Stapleton, who mightily pressed them with the defect of due vocation and consecration, urging them to prove the same, and to show how, and by whom they were made priests and bishops." Thus he.

And to give you the words of the said doctors: thus writes Dr. Harding to Mr. Jewel, pretended bishop of Salisbury:—"It remains, Mr. Jewel, you tell us, whether your vocation be ordinary or extraordinary: if it be ordinary, show us the letters of your orders: at least, show us that you have received power to do the office you presume to exercise, by the due order of laying on of hands, and consecration: but order and consecration you have none: for which of all these new ministers, howsoever else you call them, could give that to you, which he has not himself?" These are his very words to Mr. Jewel: having but a little before urged him, also in the words of Tertullian, thus:—"You know what Tertullian says of such as you be, *Edant origines ecclesiarum suarum*; we say likewise to you, Mr. Jewel: and what we say to you, we say to each one of your companions: tell us the original, and first spring of your Church; show us the register of your bishops continually succeeding one another from the beginning; so as that the first bishop may have some one of the apostles, or of the apostolical men, for his author and predecessor,† &c. Therefore, says he, to go from your succession, which you cannot prove, and to come

* See Fitzherbert's Appendix to the Discovery of Dr. Andrews' Absurdities, Falsities, and Lies, printed anno 1613.

† We also, at this day, still urge our Protestant bishops to prove their succession. But they, instead of doing it, wave us off with these words, "To name or number our bishops, is neither useful nor necessary."

to your vocation : how say you, sir ? you bear yourself, as though you were bishop of Salisbury : but how can you prove your vocation ? by what authority usurp you the administration of doctrine and sacraments ? what can you allege for the right and proof of your ministry ? who has called you ? who has laid hands on you ? by what example has he done it ? how, and by whom, are you consecrated ? who has sent you ? who has committed to you the office you take upon you," &c. In this manner was Mr. Jewel urged : to all which he never replied, by sending Dr. Harding to any register of his, or his metropolitan's consecration : or by telling him, that their consecration at Lambeth, was upon record : or that they had authentic testimonies to show who imposed hands upon them. And how easily had such answers been given to these hard questions, if there had then been extant any authentic register or records of his own, or of Matthew Parker's consecration at Lambeth ?

After the same manner he is set upon by Dr. Stapleton, in his answer to Mr. Jewel's book, entitled, *A Reply*, &c. "How chanced then, Mr. Jewel," says he, "that you and your fellows, bearing yourselves for bishops, have not so much as this congruity and consent ; I will not say of the pope, but of any Christian bishops at all, throughout all Christendom ; neither are liked and allowed by any one of them all ; but have taken upon you that office, without any imposition of hands, without all ecclesiastical authority, without all order of canons and right ? I ask not, who gave you bishoprics, but who made you bishops ?" Thus he to Jewel.*

And thus again, in his Counter-blast against Horn, pretended bishop of Winchester : "Is it not notorious," says he to Horn, "that you and your colleagues, Parker, &c. were not ordained according to the prescript, I will not say of the Church, but even of the very statutes ? how then can you challenge to yourself the name of the lord bishop of Winchester ?" And in another place he urges Mr. Horn with his "Being without any consecration at all of his metropolitan, Parker ; himself, poor man," says he, "being no bishop neither." Who, I say once again, can imagine, that Jewel and Horn should have been so careless of their character and honour, as not to have produced their Lambeth register and records, if any such authentic writings had then been extant, when not only their own credit, but even the credit of their metropolitan, Parker, and all the rest of Queen Elizabeth's new bishops ; yea, the whole succession of that race, were so miserably shipwrecked ? yea, in how great stead would such Lambeth writings have stood Mr. Horn, when he durst not join issue with bishop Bonner upon the plea, "That he was no bishop when he tendered Bonner the oath of supremacy."

The case was thus :† by the first session of that parliament, 5 Eliz. 1. power was given to any bishop in the realm, to tender the oath of supremacy, enacted 1 Eliz. to any ecclesiastical person within his diocese ; and the refuser was to incur a premunire. By virtue of this statute, Mr. Robert Horn, pretended bish-

* See Stapleton's Return of Untruths, his Challenge to Jewel and Horn, and his Counterblast against Horn.

† See Abridg. of Dyer's Reports, fol. 234.

op of Winchester, tenders the oath to doctor Bonner, bishop of London. but deprived by Queen Elizabeth, and then a prisoner in the Marshalsea, which was within the diocese of Winchester: Bonner refuses to take it. Horn certifies his refusal into the King's Bench; whereupon Bonner was indicted upon the statute. He prays judgment, whether he might not give in evidence upon this issue, *Quod ipse non est inde culpabilis, eo quod dictus episcopus de Winchester, non fuit episcopus tempore oblationis sacramenti.* "That he was not culpable, because the said Horn, called bishop of Winchester, was not bishop when he tendered him the oath." And it was resolved by all the judges at Sergeant's-Inn, in judge Cattlin, the chief justice's chamber, "That if the verity and matter be so, indeed, he should well be received to give in evidence upon this issue, and the jury should try it." Now, what the trial was appears by that he was not condemned, nor ever any further troubled for that case, though he was a man especially aimed at. And at the next sessions of that parliament, which was the 8th of Elizabeth, they were forced for want, you see, of a better character, to beg they might be declared bishops by act of parliament.

Besides it is no more creditable, that such knowing and conscientious men, as Dr. Stapleton, Dr. Harding, Constable, Kellison, &c. then living in England, and probably at London, would question so public and solemn an action; than it is, that a sober man should now call in doubt king James the second's coronation at Westminster; or ask in print, who set the crown upon his head, pretending he had never been crowned.

But in answer to these our objections; Dr. Bramhall falsely affirms, that the said records were spoken of in the eighth year of Queen Elizabeth: for proof of which, he would gladly have the world so grossly to mistake the words of the statute of the 8th of Eliz. as to think that the mention there made of the records "of her majesty's father and brother's time, and also for her own time," have relation to their Lambeth register: whereas by the records there spoken of, is understood only the records of her father's, brother's, and her own letters patent; and not their then unknown Lambeth register.

But Dr. Bramhall, to make his good his false assertion, and to impose upon the unwary reader, most egregiously falsifies the words of the said statute; saying, "The statute speaks expressly of the records of elections, and confirmations and consecrations:"* but you will find in the said statute, expressly these words, "As by her majesty's said letters patent, remaining on record, more plainly will appear." Which, if attentively considered, is sufficient to convince the reader, that "The records of her majesty's said father's and brother's time, and also of her own time," relate not to any records or registers of the archbishop of Canterbury; but only to the records of the king's and queen's letters patent. This device of Bramhall is more fully answered and refuted by the author of the "Nullity of the Prelatical Clergy of England;" whither I will refer my reader.

* In this statute is expressly mentioned her majesty's "Father's and brother's letters patent;" as also, "her own remaining on record."

Again, Protestants tell us further,* that there is a register of their bishops, found in a book called "Parker's Antiquitates Britannicæ;" which I deny not: But to this I answer, that the said register is forged and foisted into Parker's Antiq. Britan. For that edition, printed anno 1605, is the first that ever mentioned any such thing: the old manuscript of that book, having no such register at all in it; as a learned author† who diligently examined the same, affirms in these words—"In the old manuscript of that book, Park. Antiq. Brit. which I have seen, and diligently examined, there is not any mention or memorial at all of any such register or consecration of Mat. Parker, or any of those pretended Protestant bishops, as the obtruded register speaks of. And any man reading the printed book, will easily see, that it is a mere foisted and inserted thing; having no connection, correspondence, or affinity, either with that which goes before or follows: and contains more things done after Mat. Parker had written that book." Yet this very register mentions not any certain place or form of their consecration: so that it might be performed as well at the Nag's head, as at Lambeth. And indeed, we deny them not to have had a certain kind of puritanical consecration, by John Scorey, at the Nag's head in Cheapside; but we deny the said Nag's head consecration to be either valid or legal, both for defect in the form, and in the minister; John Scorey himself being no bishop, no more than Barlow and Coverdale, as is hinted above. By reason of which defects, the queen, it seems, was forced afterwards to declare, or make them bishops by act of parliament. But to pass by these things, and to come to a closer examination of their Lambeth records.‡

Mr. Mason, the very first man that ever told us of this Lambeth register, urges it in this manner,§ "Queen Mary died in the year 1558, the 17th of November; the same day died Cardinal Pool, archbishop of Canterbury; and the very same day was Queen Elizabeth proclaimed. The 15th of January next following, was the day of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, when Dr. Oglethorp, bishop of Carlisle, was so happy as to set the diadem of that kingdom upon her royal head. Now the see of Canterbury continued void till December following; about which time the dean and chapter having received the *conge d'elire*, elected master Parker for their archbishop, *Juxta morem antiquum & laudabilem consuetudinem ecclesiæ prædictæ ab antiquo usitatam & inconcussa observatam*, proceeding in this election according to the ancient manner, and the laudable custom of the aforesaid Church;" citing for these words, his new-found register, ex regist. Mat. Parker. "After which election, orderly performed, and signified according to the law, it pleased her highness to send her letters patent of commission, for his confirmation and consecration, to seven bishops;" whose names, with as much of the commission as is necessary, he sets down; after which he tells us, "that to take away all scruple, he will faithful-

* Antiq. Brit. edit. Hanov. 1605.

† The author of a book called "The Judgment of the Apostles and first Age, in Points of Doctrine," &c. printed in the year 1633. See pag. 209, 211, and 394.

‡ Stat. 1. 8. Eliz.

§ Mason, lib. 3. p. 126.

Hollinshead, in the praises of bishop Tunstal of Durham, has these words : "He was, by the noble Queen Elizabeth, deprived of his bishopric, &c. and was committed to Matthew Parker, bishop of Canterbury, who used him very honourably, both for the gravity, learning, and age of the said Tunstal : but he, not long remaining under the ward of the said bishop, did shortly after, the 18th of November, in the year 1559, depart this life at Lambeth, where he first received his consecration." By this it appears, that Matthew Parker was bishop of Canterbury, and lived in the bishop's palace at Lambeth, consequently installed in the bishopric, which he could not be before he was consecrated, if consecration was then used ; and all this before the 18th of November, 1559.

And well might he, by this time, be in the full enjoyment and possession of the bishopric of Canterbury ; for by Stow and Hollinshead, we find him called bishop elect on the 9th of September, when he and others assisted at the king of France's obsequies. Yea, by Hollinshead it evidently appears, that they were elected immediately, or, however, very shortly after the deprivation of the old Catholic bishops : for on the 12th of August, we find Dr. Grindall not only called bishop elect, but exercising as much power, as if he had been more than only elect. His words are these : "On the 12th of August, being Saturday, the high altar in Paul's Church, with the rood, and the images of Mary and John, standing in the rood loft, were taken down ; and this was done by the command of Dr. Grindall, newly elected bishop of London."

The truth of what I have here set down from Hollinshead and Stow, is unquestionable : but if it agree not with Mr. Mason, and Dr. Bramhall, and their Lambeth records, shall we not have just cause to reject these as forged ? But, before we compare them together, let us first see what accordance and agreement is found among the records and recorders themselves.

Give to the Earth what is of Earth.

Give to the earth what is of earth,
This body, to the worm allied—
As creatures of a common birth,—
With all its feebleness and pride.

Give these to earth. The chains are they
With adamant power that bind,
Within their prison-house of clay,
The glorious energies of mind.

But in the cold, unlovely grave
The spirit borrowed from the skies,
Ye cannot hide. For He who gave
It being first, will bid it rise.

Above the earth, and earthly things ;
Above the stars ;—nor these alone—
But upwards—'till it folds its wings
Even at the footstool of God's throne !

INCONSISTENCIES OF PROTESTANTISM.

In the remarks I am about to make on this subject, I beg it to be clearly understood, that it is not my intention to give expression to a single word that would be offensive to any individual. Abuse is not only no argument, but it is unbecoming an honourable cause, as it is unworthy a christian pen. But, seeing the journals of the day, dedicated to religion and morality, teeming with columns of unfair misrepresentation of our Church, and violent attacks upon our creed—reading incessantly of “difficulties of Romanism,” and “Popery the enemy of civil liberty,” and the “usurpations of the Pope,” and numberless such effusions put forth without the smallest regard to the feelings of the whole community, I cannot be charged with intolerance or bigotry, when in vindication of ourselves, I invite the attention of the reader, in this paper, to the subject which forms its caption: viz. *the Inconsistencies of Protestantism*.

The first is their adopting now the name which they once held in horror—that of *Catholic*. They separated from the ancient, universal religion, and designated themselves by the appellation which well becomes them, that of *Protestants*. They acknowledged, in the first instance, that they were mere *Protesters* against what existed universally before them: now they affect the ancient title, and would fain turn us into a protesting community—thus inverting the original order, and thrusting themselves before the nineteenth century as *Catholic*, when in the sixteenth, that name was visited with vengeance by the dominant power of the English Church. Catholic, forsooth! what pretension can they have to the prerogative which that word implies? When the Reformation was but a germ in the heart of Luther—who stood alone against the whole world, as he himself boasted—where was their Catholicity? How could their sect be *everywhere*, when it was confined to the apostate monk of Wurtemberg and a few of his ever wrangling disciples? Even when it penetrated into England, how could it be considered *Catholic*, when it was not spread entirely over the surface of that small island? No, it is an inconsistency of a most palpable nature to style Protestantism *Catholic*. Catholic Protestantism is an anamoly. The terms contradict each other—when referred to doctrines of Christianity. For evidently, that which protests against certain dogmas recognised even at the present day by Christians, cannot be *Catholic*: much less, infinitely less, was it so in the origin of the schism which tore them off, as a useless branch, from the great trunk of the tree of orthodoxy: and the legitimate branches of that tree are not only deprived of their unalienable and glorious title by Sectarians, but are taunted with the ridiculous soubriquet of Romanists, Papists, &c. But still the artifice is as little successful at the present time, as it was in the age of Saint Augustin, when, as he testifies, the same was practised. For let a stranger enquire for the Catholic Church, in New-York, and even Protestants themselves would point not to St. Peter's at Chelsea, but to St. Peter's in Barclay Street. There the cross peering above the surrounding houses, proclaims the temple of God, and the grim statue of the Head of the Apostles standing like a time-worn sentinel in the outward

niche, indicates the faith of those who worship round its altar. "Whoever is attached to Peter," once exclaimed St. Jerome, to him do I adhere."

The second inconsistency is, that they separated from the ancient Church on account of doctrines which they now admit. The great ground of erecting a *reformed* religion was the dogma of indulgences. This was the font and origin, the *fons et origo* of their complaint. Not the abuses, but the dogma itself. But, this mighty objection is now done away with : and after thousands of the rigid reformists—that is to say the deadly enemies of catholicism—have laboured by writing immense folios, to shew the superstition and irreligion of indulgences, the organ of Protestantism in this City, the Editor of the *Churchman*, is willing to admit them in their primitive acceptation and legitimate use, whilst he declaims, with very little Christian spirit, against their monstrous consequences. Why, then, did not the first reformers confine themselves to the task of remedying abuses? If the dogma was not proper in itself, it was their duty not to destroy it because it might be abused, but to provide, as far as possible, that the passions of men should not exert their influence on divine institutions. The following is the language of the "*Churchman*," in the number for Friday, the first of May : "a doctrine (purgatory as defined by the Council of Trent) not repugnant to reason, agreeable to antiquity, and believed to be countenanced in Scripture and recognised in the liturgy of the Church, &c." Again, concerning the invocation of saints : "Because the Church of England asserts that there is but one mediator of *redemption*, does she deny that all the members of Christ's body . . . may be mediators of *intercession*?"—and still against this *idolatry*, the Church of England has entered her *protest* !

The third inconsistency is, that they once rejected some of our doctrines by misrepresenting them—now they represent them properly, and adopt them as their own. For instance the veneration paid to the crucifix and Scriptural representations, not to say any thing of the saints. There was a time when crosses were levelled to the ground—steeple were hurled down because adorned with the image of the crucified one—sanctuaries rifled and profaned, on the same account ; and why ? because they said the cross was an emblem of popery, a sign of idolatry, and not to be exposed in public places. Now the cross is seen looming on the spires of Protestant Churches. Their altars, as they style them, are decorated with it—and Protestant Bishops do not hesitate to keep that once-deemed idolatrous image in their libraries and studies : nay, even, as in Burlington, to erect it on the roof of a dwelling, to designate it as the sacred mansion of a dignitary of the Episcopal Church. Moreover, they have rejected the invocation of saints, and still they retain their festivals in the reformed calendar. Hence we find that a bishop of that denomination is to confer the *rite* of confirmation in one Church on the festival of St. Peter ; in another, of St. Paul, in a third, of St. John the Evangelist. And I would humbly suggest to the Right Reverend Prelate, that those festivals are much more appropriate for the confirmation of his flock, than good-friday !—a day of mourning and lamentation in the ancient Church.

The fourth inconsistency is their contradictions among themselves. The very distinction between High and Low Church is sufficient to indicate the ex-

istence of such contradictions. Some adhere to the ancient school of Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Montague, Archbishop Laud, &c. Others reject them as savouring too strongly of popery, and cleave to the more independent theology of modern polemics. And this not in merely secondary matters, but on dogmas the most grave and important. And divines thus disagreeing in matters of faith are nevertheless recognised by the same bishops, exchange pulpits, and administer the communion to the people. What, then, becomes of unity? and without unity, what is Christianity? Certainly the opinions of the Churchman are *toto calo* different from those of Dr. Eastburn; and the creed of Bishop Onderdonk by no means in accordance with that of Bishop McIlvaine. And yet all are Episcopalians—all members and Doctors of the same Church—all perfectly united when there is question of opposing the religion from which their ancestors severed themselves three hundred years ago. It were useless, after what has been said, to allude to the Oxford tracts, which by some theologians of the Episcopal Church are regarded as heretical, and by others defended as orthodox. Among Catholics there are no such dogmatical contradictions.

The sixth inconsistency is their affectation of ancient orthodoxy—their pretended reverence for the testimony of the Fathers—and, at the same time, acknowledging that they began in the sixteenth century in opposition to the doctrines which their forefathers had handed down to that era; and boasting, through their corripheus, Martin Luther, that they cared not a fig for Augustine or Jerome! The confessions of the former testify to the customs of his age, and vindicate the sanctity of the mass which he offered for his deceased mother Monica. And the latter expounds the sacred Scriptures which he translated into latin very differently from the Protestants who now claim the Fathers as their own!

The seventh inconsistency is their admitting the authority of the Council of Nice—and adopting the Athanasian creed, on the subject of the Trinity,—a council which was held under the acknowledged supremacy of the Pope, and they cast aside with contempt the authority of that of Trent which was convoked, celebrated, and brought to a happy termination by the same power. Unitarianism is far more consistent in rejecting the one and the other. For, the divinity of Christ was vindicated by the decision of the former; although the Arians were as unwilling to receive it as Protestants are to be governed by the decrees of the latter. For then, when the whole world was agitated and divided by the controversy concerning the *consubstantiality* of the Son with the Father, the tribunal of a general council was the *suprema lex*; but when Lutheranism and all its impious consequences were spreading desolation over the Christian world, a general council was nothing—no tribunal whatever—in their estimation.

The eighth inconsistency is, that they reject infallibility, and, nevertheless, consider no religious communion orthodox, but their own. What right have they to condemn the Catholic Church, when, by their own concession, they may possibly be in error? They anathematize all Sectarians—and all Sectarians, in their turn, hurl back the anathemas, with as much ground of authori-

ty, as they possess. If they are not infallibly certain that the Pope is not the visible head of the Church, that transubstantiation is an error, that auricular confession is a superstition—then, it is possible that all these dogmas, against which they so boldly protest, may be true. The Catholic believes them to be true. He has as much reason to adhere to his belief, as the Episcopalian has to reject it; and, as according to the doctrine of the latter, there is no tribunal on earth competent to pronounce *infallibly* on the disputed question, it must necessarily be referred to the tribunal of God in the day of judgment. But why does he, under these circumstances, take upon himself to *protest* against what may possibly not be false? Why does he charge us with the vilest and blackest errors, because we refuse to resign what may possibly be found true? I contend that the Episcopalian, acting up to the acknowledged principles of his Church, has no right to express any thing but an *opinion*: he can only say: I *think* I am in possession of truth; I *think* others are not. And merely able to think or imagine—for he dares not say that he is *infallibly* certain of any tenet—he is guilty of a palpable inconsistency, besides a breach of common christian charity, when he attacks our creed and our priesthood, as the Editor of the “Churchman” loves to do—in the columns of his *official* journal.

The ninth inconsistency is, their finding fault with us for styling ourselves *ROMAN*, while they designate themselves as *ENGLISH*: we belong to the Roman Catholic, they to the English Protestant, Church. And because the centre of our unity is where St. Peter established it, and where it existed ages before this continent was discovered, they accuse us of being subject to a foreign Head, and the enemies of civil and religious liberty. (*vid.* “Churchman,” *ubi supra.*) But they do not choose to remember, that their xxxix articles were decreed by a British Parliament, and that, in consequence of the American Revolution which gave Independence to our glorious Republic, bishops of the cis-Atlantic English Church were not, until very recently, allowed to preach or officiate on the other side of the water. They were thus virtually cut off from the Anglican communion: and, rejected from that body, and *protesting* against ours, where was their Catholicity then? But, it seems, a compromise has since been graciously made; and the Episcopalians of these United States claim to belong to the Church of *England*, just (in a general way, however,) as the Catholics belong to that of Rome. I say only in a general way—for, whilst they persevere in retaining the name, they, by no means, submit to the dogmatical decisions of the Parliament, which, however, originally professed to be the source of all Protestant orthodoxy. Whereas, we, having no connexion whatever with Rome in its temporal government, religiously adhere to the ecclesiastical or spiritual jurisdiction which it legitimately exercises throughout the entire world. In this sense we are *Roman* Catholics: in any other, we are *American* Catholics.

The tenth inconsistency is that they derived orders from our Church—and now disclaim her power as schismatical. Either that Church, before the Reformation, was true or it was false. If true, then all separation from her pale is unjustifiable and antisciptural: if false, then they received orders from

false Church ; and all these orders emanating from Rome—if Rome had not the authority to confer them, then there are no orders in the Protestant Church. Augustine, the apostle of England, derived his mission and orders immediately from the Pope. Besides he was a monk. The succession of Bishops was kept up, after him, until the days of Henry VIII. Therefore, if the Episcopal Church has orders, it is indebted for them to that see, to which, in a spiritual sense, we continue, and shall ever continue, to be subject. While Protestants have broken asunder the chain, and have fallen into the depths, to say the least of it, of doubt, uncertainty, and darkness, with regard to the most important of all points—valid ordination.

Lastly, they profess the charity of Christ, and are, nevertheless, bitter enemies of their fellow-christians. This is a serious charge—a grievous inconsistency : but, the writings of their ministers, and the spirit of their pulpits, sufficiently support and evince the fact. The desks of their Churches, which ought to be devoted to the instruction of their people—the inculcation of morality, and the defence of truth, are, with scarcely an exception, converted into *rostra* of flippant declamation, and unwarrantable attacks upon the character of our religion and its priesthood. The Editors of Journals “devoted to the interests of the gospel and the Church,” appear to imagine that those interests are advanced by the violation of all charity and the prostration of all good breeding. There are papers so vulgar and insignificant, that no sensible or well-bred man would regard any thing which appears in their columns : but the organ of Episcopalianism in New-York bears upon its name a character of respectability, and christian decorum ; and boasts that it is *not like unto other soi-disants religious prints*. And, yet, I venture to assert—and the assertion will be proved from facts—that the charity of Christ which should embrace all *individuals* if it cannot cover all creeds, was never more set at nought than in the passage I shall now cite from the Churchman in the number above referred to. Indeed, prejudiced as I knew the Editor to be against us, I could not, however, have brought myself to believe—but for the evidence of my senses—that he could so far forget his gospel-principles, and the decorum of social life, as to utter such language :

“The authorized teaching of the Church of Rome has never been, in the eyes of enlightened Protestants, the great objection to her communion. On the contrary, they have complained, and with reason, of her systematic craft and treachery, in keeping her authorized teaching as ground to fall back upon in controversy, and yet sustaining in practice a system of corruption and abuse to which her authorized teaching, however exceptionable, affords but little support. It is thus that Roman priests (for we speak not of her laity) show their lubricity in argument. If the known corruptions of their Church—corruptions that have driven from her the most enlightened portion of Europe, and have shaken Christendom to its centre—and the infamous opinions of her divines—opinions that have extenuated and abetted every species of iniquity in Church and state—are assailed, they disclaim all, and indignantly demand to be judged by the authorized formularies of their Church : and if their opponent follows them thither, he finds a living body which, but for a mouth full of curses, would present no very frightful exterior, and which shows scarce a trace of the

ligaments that bind to its back the loathsome corpse of corruption. The living body is Catholicism, the loathsome corpse is Popery."

This paragraph needs no comment. It is fraught with such astounding charges, and couched in such infuriated language, that a calmly-thinking and well-disposed mind could hardly believe it possible for a tongue of a minister of the gospel of charity to give expression to them. The religion of an á Kempis and a Xavier—of a Fenelon and a Cheverus, of a Carroll of Carrollton, a Gaston, a Taney, and of innumerable saints and worthies of the past and the present: a religion which preserved the doctrines of Christ during so many ages—which sent its missionaries into every part of the world and spread abroad the light and blessings of Christianity and civilization—a religion, which checked the headlong course of Mahommedanism and barbarism during the middle ages—a religion now professed by the most powerful and illustrious monarchs, as well as the most enlightened people in all climes—this religion accused of shaking Europe to her foundations on account of the infamous opinions of her divines—her own innate and overgrown corruptions—this religion the parent of every species of iniquity! this religion a monster! *with a mouth full of curses*—and a *loathsome corpse of corruption bound to its back!* Really, such gross and revolting language must have caused a blush on every ingenuous Protestant who has perused it. Catholics are amazed. And when, in a paroxysm of controversy which deprives the Editor, it would seem, of his common sense, he raves about the *flexible, far-reaching, quick darting head of Romanism—spitting its venom, and fixing its fangs, &c.*—(the learned gentleman is driven far away out of the latitude of his rhetoric, when he introduces a **HEAD fixing its fangs**)—when the Catholic witnesses all this, he is more and more convinced of the inconsistencies of Protestantism, and the uncharitable dispositions of some of her ministers.

I know that error should be combatted: but not with the arms of the flesh: not with impetuous abuse, not with passionate declamation against one another. If the Protestant believes our faith erroneous, let him confine himself to argument, to solid reasoning, to scriptural authority: but in all let him beware lest he violate charity *which speaketh not evil*. The Catholic, though stimulated by violent provocation, though confident of possessing the truth, is infinitely more tolerant and forbearing than his enemies. He stands on the defensive merely: and, in not one case out of a thousand, does he ever make an offensive attack, either in his pulpit or his journals, upon any denomination. And in condemning and refuting error, he will always be careful not to hurl his anathemas against any *individual*, whether heretic or Jew. Error is an odious object. The persons of men are sacred and dear to all in the sight of faith. But Protestantism, viewed in the example given by the Editor of the *Churchman*, would fain sweep from the earth with the besom of destruction *imaginary* error, and all men, no matter how sincere and good, professing that error. He alone has a right to judge—he alone can claim the truth. And his religion alone has been productive of no mischief, and of every blessing—whilst that of the vast majority of Christians, is the scourge of the world, and fit only to be thrust, with the apocalyptic dragon, into the deep abyss. C. C. P.

The home-bound Bark.

I.

Yonder she rides ! my bark of joy !
 Now waves, that bore me when a boy,
 Will soon come silvering round her prow
 And leap to glad the exile's brow.
 For many a summer hour were they
 The partners of my boyhood's play,
 And I once more will hear and see
 The ripples of my native Lee.

II.

O ! for the waves that wake among
 Thy sea-side caves their evening song :
 Abbey and tower of olden might
 Throned on some headland's beetling height ;
 And hill and hamlet-cheering vale
 With rosy health on every gale ;
 While bright-wing'd barks with lute and glee
 Glide o'er thy waves, my native Lee.

III.

I cannot hope to meet again
 The hearts I met all gladness then ;
 Haply young sorrow, or, far worse,
 False friendship's dark and poisoned curse
 Hath swept them from existence' chart,
 Too proud in soul, too warm in heart :
 But may such blighting never be
 To dim thy smiles my native Lee.

J. A. S.

[This is the first of several papers which will appear in succession in our pages. The subject is treated with that philosophic spirit which characterises its celebrated author, and has been translated by Maximilian Oertel, formerly a Lutheran minister.]

ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.

FROM MULLER.

Anselm, in more than one respect, is to be reckoned among the most excellent divines, whom the history of the Church, amid an abundance of eminent individuals, brings to our view. His life was cast in that happy period, when the Church was making powerful and successful efforts to raise itself out of the most melancholy situation, in which it had been kept for a long time. For, although it had survived the storms of the Huns, and had already commenced to soften, in its bosom, the ferocious power of the barbarians, the east and

south had opened again a frightful and destructive abyss. Mahomed's wild tribes, after having occupied half of Asia, poured with great might upon Europe, suppressed the Visigothic kingdom in Spain, and carried desolation almost to the interior of France; having plundered Italy and even the Basilic of St. Peter at Rome. In the meanwhile, the Avari, a pagan horde, from Lower Panonia, undertook their devastating invasions. And after the powerful arms of the Franks had kept them under, and the Church had successfully endeavoured to exert its cultivating power, the rapacious tribes from the North visited Germany, France, and other countries, and occupied and desolated England: and from the east, the Magyari succeeded the Avari in all their violence and desolation. The unfortunate people under the ruins, which these savages had heaped upon them, put on again the former ferocity, which they had scarcely laid aside. Insolence, rage, and desperate fury crushed down the distressed nations which had just begun to assume a little glory, and to prosper. And thus in despair, they became violent against one another, and lacerated themselves. Ranks battled against ranks, princes against princes; and the greatest perversion was, to behold children raging against their mother; they abused and degraded the Church in such a manner, that she seemed to become the servant of those, to whom she had given birth. When I represent to myself these miseries, these unbounded calamities of that time; and contemplate, nevertheless, what the Church accomplished, my heart is filled with reverence and unlimited gratitude towards her: and I feel myself too happy, to be the son of such a mother. Every thing else gave way amidst the general disorder, the Church alone stood firm; all rejoiced in destroying; the Church alone edified and built up. When the noise of arms ceased for a moment, the Church raised its voice, and new life followed: and often, even in the midst of the most violent storms, her voice sounded so powerfully, that it overcame all, and the conflicting elements were reconciled as if by a miraculous bidding. Instead of censuring the Church, because, in these times, the sciences did not flourish, I acknowledge with gratitude, that she preserved the elements of them: instead of reviling her because much superstition had obtained, I praise the Church, for not having lost her creed. Instead of complaining that the freedom of the Gospel had become unchained, I understand, that freedom rests upon itself; and that no bishop can declare one free, who is not already free. I praise God, that he reminded the Church of the words of the Apostle, "What will you? Shall I come to you with a rod, or in charity and in the spirit of meekness?" (1 Cor. 4, 21.) Those times required the former: the Church could therefore not use the latter; and thanks to Providence, the Church knew how to use the rod with wisdom and power. But when the outward storms had perfectly ceased, then began in the Church an earnest, full, and happy motion for regeneration; and Anselm was one of the first, who came forth with power and wisdom, and exerted so general an influence, that few before or since can compare with him. The great movements of those times have all an inward and deep ground, to which they all must be reduced, for otherwise we can by no means understand them. This ground, in its manifestation, was divided into a multitude of appearances, each of which re-

quired a special faculty and talent of the human mind. Time only unfolded it wholly. The contemporaries of Anselm brought to view this ground only in its *universality*, but Anselm comprehending in himself a multiplicity of talents, extended in every direction this one ground, in which many others divided themselves.

This ground was religious enthusiasm; the renewed desire for that, which is divine and eternal; which for so long a time was repressed by the most melancholy abuses. The religious flame longed for freedom, and the chains, in which the spirit was bound, were broken asunder by its extended energy. But the freedom of *the individual* cannot be had without the freedom of *the whole*; for if the individual is truly, an organic member of the whole, its fate is deeply and marvellously interwoven with the fate of the whole. Therefore when the whole is enslaved, the individual cannot be a freeman. The freeing of the whole was then the first and most necessary thing; whence sprang the battle for ecclesiastic freedom; which is identified with that of Investitures; the watchword of which was: "The Church which Christ has redeemed with his blood, cannot be the slave of the state." And it was as we shall see below, not a trifling and vain comparison, to compare the freedom, which Christ has gained for us, with the freedom from despotism of the State.

Anselm, in the beginning of this combat, occupies the first place after Gregory VII: what that Pontiff was for the members of the whole body, the same was Anselm for the English Church. The great motion, which originated in the head, was to be received by the members, in order to render it successful. Or rather, because the longing of the whole body was expressed in the centre, it is natural to perceive that the symptoms in the head were found, and appeared, likewise, in the members. And this earnest desire for the freedom of the Church, cannot be understood, as if it existed alone; for as it went forth out of the interior ground of the religious life, (as religion, the inward soul of men moves all the powers and energies of the spirit,) so, with the desire after the freedom of the Church, awoke that of the freedom of thought, which was anxious, to comprehend and understand clearly that which had filled the mind. At the same time originated a scientific life: which proves, that the combat for ecclesiastic freedom was not an outward one, and that it could not originate in the pride of a few men. And in science, Anselm was the first of his age.

At that time, no plant could germinate and grow successfully except in the monastic soil. This was the case—we cannot deny it, if we would. There was the fertile moral ground, out of which all that was great, sprang forth: philosophers, theologians, historians, poets, ministers of the Church and missionaries. All these came out of the gates of the cloister, which were seldom opened, but when opened, generally speaking, nothing common appeared. Anselm is to be reckoned among the most excellent monks of that age. Although he founded no monastic order, he assisted much in reforming them: in which work many were carefully engaged during that age—when the combat was going on for ecclesiastic freedom and the renovation of the sciences.

Having now endeavoured to understand the times, of Anselm, and his rela-

tion to them in general, we will narrate especially, what Anselm has been as a monk, as a champion for the freedom of the Church, and as a Theologian.

I.—ANSELM'S EDUCATION AND MONASTIC LIFE.

Anselm was born at Augusta (Aosta) in Piemont, in the year 1034. His father Gundulf a Lombardian, and his mother Ermenberg a Burgundian, were both descended from noble and wealthy families. Gundulf had a worldly mind, and squandered away his estate in luxuries; but Ermenberg was a pious, economical, and wise mother. To her the care of his education was intrusted, and she was peculiarly anxious to cultivate his religious mind. He clung with his whole soul, to his mother, becoming nearly a stranger to his father. There is handed down to us a characteristic feature of his childhood, which is worthy to be related; as we see by it, that the future character of the man is sometimes manifested even in the most tender childhood; and the impressions, which the child then receives, often remain through life, so we may early perceive, what instruction Anselm had received from his mother concerning God and his relation to him. He once had a dream of God, and desired to be with him: and placing God's habitation above the top of the highest mountains, he dreamed that he ascended them, and found there God's house: and it being the time of harvest, he saw the people engaged in reaping. God spoke in a familiar manner with the child, and asked him his name. Anselm was not afraid to sit down by the side of God, and to talk with him. He received then a piece of delicious bread and went his way.*

We see by this, that Ermenberg in her religious instruction, must have spoken of God as of a beneficent Father: for otherwise Anselm would have acted differently in his dream, yea, he probably would not have had even in his dream a desire after God. And further, Anselm must have received a meek and mild education, for if otherwise, God would not have appeared to him so familiarly. We shall see the influence of this education during his whole life.

Anselm was sent soon to a literary school in which he made great progress. In his fifteenth year he already conceived the desire to become a monk. But the abbot, to whom he made known his wish, was wiser than he, and did not receive him. Soon after his mind changed, he became careless like his father, and only his mother was able to restrain him from grievous vices. After her death, Anselm became more and more unrestrained. But in this helpless state, God himself took care of his education. His father changed his indifference into hatred against his son, who in vain endeavoured to be reconciled with him. In despair he fled, and wandered at random, and in danger of his life, over the Montcenis to Burgundy, where he was directed to Bec, a monastery in Normandy.

* Eadmer. vit. S. Ans. I. p. 2, Chron. Beccense p. 276, where it is said concerning that dream: Per divinam visionem ad sedes cœlicas denique in spiritu raptus, &c. The *vita Anselmi*, written by Edmer is to be found in the appendix opp. S. Anselm. Ed. Gerberon. and the Chronicle of Bec in opp. Lanfran. ed. Luc. Daohér.

In extraordinarily stormy times, the circumstances of many are naturally, also, extraordinary; the character of the *whole* appears in the *individual*. Our days are so different from that time, that when we contemplate the singular events, which happened then, we may imagine ourselves in a world of fables. This occurs to us, when we hear in what hands Anselm fell, by what company he was surrounded, and to whom his further education was entrusted.

In the court of the powerful Duke of Normandy there lived a Knight named *Helluin*, who was related to that Duke on his father's side, and to the Duke of Flanders on his mother's. Helluin was a brave soldier, an adroit courtier, and much favoured by the world on account of his amiable manners. He at once appeared entirely changed, melancholy in countenance, and neglectful in manners and dress. He had lost all happiness in the pleasures of this world, and a more sublime desire had risen in him. After a long meditation and examination how to satisfy his inward desire, and being deterred by the rough manners of the monks in that region,* he finally determined to found a monastery of his own, according to the rules of St. Benedict. He himself in company with several others assisted in building the Church. After the morning prayer he went with his companions to the field, ploughed, sowed, and rooted out the thorns.

This was the origin of the celebrated monastery of Bec. But one very important thing was wanting—scientific cultivation. For Helluin, according to the state of that age had not even learned to read, until he became abbot. During the day-time he worked in the field, and during the night he studied the gospel. Then he chanced by the wonderful ways of God, that a learned man came to the monastery. This was *Lanfranc*, from Pavia, a descendant of a noble family in Lombardy, and a man of excellent talents, which he had cultivated by diligent studies; was the best Latin scholar of that age, was well acquainted with the Greek, and especially admired in dialectics, having comprehended the whole science of his time. Being the first professor in Abbauch he gained great applause. But whilst rudeness still prevailed, and the arts and sciences were in a very low state in Normandy, he went thither, fully aware, that he would be there most admired. When he was travelling with one of his disciples towards Roden, robbers attacked him in the woods and stripped him of every thing except his clothes. In this situation he recollected what Gregory I. relates, that once a pious man, travelling on horseback was robbed of his horse by the Lombards, but giving the robbers the whip, also, that they might be able to drive on the horse, they, moved by the patience of this man, restored to him the horse. Lanfranc recollecting this history, offered the robbers his clothes, in the hope, that they might restore to him what they had taken. But he deceived himself. For the robbers thinking, that he acted thus out of spite, became enraged, took his clothes and bound him and his disciple to a tree. It was night. Then he meditated why it had turned out with him so differently from that man whose example he had imitated. He thought the reason

* Adhuc enim omnes omnium per Normanniam mores barbari erant. Vit. Herl in. opp. Lanfr.

might be because that man was sincere in his patience, while he himself affected it from self-interest. And remembering, that some pray when in trouble, he tried to do so, but did not succeed; especially with a hymn which he attempted to sing; for he had probably somewhere read, that there were men so elevated above their misfortune, that they praised God even in the midst of misery. He took deeply to heart this his situation; he felt how vainly he had lived till now, although a priest; and how miserable a thing it was, that he with all his learning could not pray. He then made a vow, should he be saved, to consecrate his life to God in a monastery. On the next day he was set at liberty by some person passing that way. He enquired after the poorest monastery and was directed to that of Bec.

M. O.

Musings at Night.

1.

Now night serene, and solemn silence reign;
The stars, dim twinkling, shed a dubious light
On the smooth bosom of the swelling main,
And give its billows faintly to the sight.

2.

The bark light bounding, cuts the silver wave,
As the stern sailor plies the bending oar;
Sweet echo leaves her solitary cave,
And murmuring winds along the pebbled shore.

3.

While from the East a gentle evening breeze,
Wafting the fragrance of the varied year,
Wild and melodious, through the sighing trees,
Breaks in soft whispers on the charmed ear.

4.

No jarring sound the tranquil hour alarms;
No clash of elements the mind assails;
No brazen trumpet harshly brays to arms,
Nor widowed fair her murdered love bewails.

5.

All nature, lull'd in solemn stillness, seems
To cheer the mind which care and grief oppress;
Mild and beneficent hope's starlight beams
Come streaming forth to sooth the soul's distress.

6.

O Thou, whose power the raging winds can quell,
Whose will alike the troubled mind can calm;
Deign hence grief's lurid tempest to expell,
And o'er my bosom shed religion's holy balm.

H. J. B.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

THE only safeguard for the religious principles of Catholic children, in a country where so many denominations abound as in our own, is a Catholic education. Of the necessity of this, parents cannot be too deeply convinced: for experience will teach them, that in a vast majority of examples, those youth who have forsaken as they grew up the religion of their ancestors, did so from the fact of their not having been sufficiently grounded in the principles of their faith by a careful and proper education: and those who, in England and America, have preserved that faith, and practised the requisitions of the Church, owe their perseverance and their piety to the source from which their early education was derived. In England particularly, we see with what tenacity and pride the children of the most distinguished families adhere to the ancient Church—and it is owing to the circumstance of the jealous and rigid regard which is had for their training up. The noble colleges of Stonyhurst and Clongow's-wood (to say nothing of several others, such as Oscott, St. Edmund's, &c.,) have been the nurseries of the precious plants which have grown and flourished in Great Britain. And it is encouraging and delightful to behold the zeal, munificence, and devotion which are evinced in the cause of truth by many of the oldest and rarest noblemen of that kingdom.

The cause of the general falling away from the Church of the youth of France, during the last half century can be traced with certainty to the neglect of their religious education. There was a time when that beautiful portion of the Church was filled with seminaries of learning, when the solid and germane principles of religion were blended with those of the highest literary and scientific culture. The College of *Louis-le-Grand* alone, under the care of the Jesuits, formed of itself, as it were, a citadel of faith, in which the orthodoxy, morals, and piety of the young *eleves* were guarded and protected with unwavering solicitude. As soon as unsound elements were made to enter into the theory of education—elements at first of Jansenism—afterwards of skepticism—and finally, of downright infidelity, the rising generations of France gradually wavered from the ancient standard of orthodoxy, and, at length, fell headlong into a precipice of irreligion, which it will require, perhaps, ages to fill up. Happily, since the revolution which raised the Duke of Orleans to the throne of Charles X., a religious disposition seems to have shown itself even in the Capital. Nay, a *mouvement* evidently exists, produced by the example of the Queen and her children—an example which would be rare at any period, but which, at the present, is extraordinarily brilliant and propitious. The Churches, which, during so long a time, had been deserted by the people, and under whose venerable spires and domes the voice of some lonely minister of religion deploring the desolation of the temple, was heard to echo, like the moaning of a dove in some gloomy solitude—these churches are again beginning to be filled with young men, as well as aged, and the ceremonies are again conducted, as in the olden day, with great pomp and circumstance. The great cause of this happy change in the youth of Paris must be attributed to the course which is now pursued in the Colleges—namely, a careful blending of religious

influence with educational acquirements. The catechism is taught again—the first communion is earnestly attended to—the observances of the Church are enforced, in Colleges—and thus the pliant character of youth is moulded to the form which once was the beauty and boast of France, by dint of religious education.

In the United States of America the subject of Catholic education is the most important that can engage the attention of our Bishops: and it is gratifying to perceive how profoundly this conviction has seized on the mind especially of our own excellent prelate, who does not suffer himself to repose an instant in the determined effort he is now making to build up “towers of strength”—Catholic schools and Catholic seminaries,—in which to shield from danger and protect with caution, the religious principles of the youth of our city. Emulating the zeal of those venerable men, who have founded colleges in the various sections of this immense republic, he will not be satisfied until in this diocese an institution of learning will be perfected, whose gates will be opened to the Catholic youth, where they will have the opportunity of acquiring simultaneously an excellent literary and Catholic education. St. John’s College of Rose Hill is destined, with the favour of Providence, to take a stand, at some future time, among the distinguished seminaries of our land.

And when those seminaries are styled *distinguished*, there can be no doubt that most of them can claim the epithet most justly. Georgetown College has become identified with the history of our country—founded soon after the revolution, by Archbishop Carroll, it has continued to send forth annually her *alumni* to take their places among the great and renowned in every profession. St. Mary’s of Baltimore—boasting of the same illustrious founder—has been from the earliest epoch, the cradle of archbishops and eminent personages. The “Old Mountain”—a homely designation—which, however, causes the hearts of hundreds of her children to beat with exultation, whilst it brings back to the memory countless delightful associations, has enrolled her five Bishops in the Dyptichs of the Vatican, and can call out to the four quarters of the country upon her grateful *eleves*, who will respond to that call, from the Halls of Legislation, the benches of Judicature, the sanctuaries of the Church, and the most honourable posts in the republic. Many glorious things may likewise be said of the flourishing colleges of the Far West—and especially of Bardstown and St. Louis.

The Catholic heart rejoices to behold the salutary effects produced by these nurseries of piety and truth—and when the condition of the poor is taken into consideration, it cannot but yearn for the day, when the public schools, untrammelled by the objections which now surround them, will be thrown open, in a truly republican manner, to the children of Catholics. This subject, worthy the energies of any great mind, has recently occupied those of some of our most prominent clergymen and laymen. It was grasped by the vigorous resolution of the Coadjutor, and has awakened public attention in a variety of ways. Some have been aroused to oppose it with all the violence of sectarian prejudice—others, with the false spirit of national right—others, with an open and unequivocal preference for infidelity itself. Yet the wise and enlightened policy of the Gov-

ernor and Secretary of State, unbiassed by any sectarian pre-occupation of judgment, has strongly recommended the doing away with every conscientious difficulty on the part of Catholics, and thus giving their children the opportunity of deriving from those public fountains of education, pure waters, unmixed with the dregs of sectarianism, limpid with the fresh and pure ingredients with which the educational thirst of American children should be quenched.

It is of vital importance to the present generation of poor Catholics that they should be vigilantly and properly educated. Is it not a fearful consideration, that, out of the thousands and thousands of the children of the foreign Catholics, born in this city for the last forty years, so few *native* Catholics are to be found in our churches? What has become of them? Where are they? Certainly we know them not. Why, had they been brought up in the faith of their fathers, the many ample churches which we now have would not, by a good deal, be sufficient to contain them. And yet, if the pews of the different churches be examined, few will be found to be occupied by native-born Catholics, the children of foreigners, who were devoted to their faith, and endured for it, perhaps, the severest persecution. This is, beyond doubt, a subject highly deserving the investigation of those who take a sincere interest in the affairs of Catholic education. This will satisfy all more deeply than ever, of the indispensable necessity of applying a remedy to so general an evil—which remedy can be had only by providing more carefully for the Catholic education of youth.

In a capital like ours, so fraught with temptations and dangers for children, the utmost diligence is required to watch over them, to rescue them from ruin, and foster them as they grow up, into useful and virtuous men. In vain will we have recourse to any means effectually, except to that of a solid Catholic education. First principles of faith, of religion, of piety, must be implanted in their tender hearts—must refine them—direct them: and then, if the condition of the poorer class of youth is not bettered—if they do not continue attached to their faith—if they will not be modelled into valuable members of the commonwealth and practical members of the Church—we will have nothing to answer for in their regard.

No time could be more opportune, it seems, for considerations of this sort, than the present, when the new College of Rose-Hill is about being opened, under the care of an estimable and talented clergyman; and the great question concerning public schools has been agitated with so much solemnity, and is still to be urged on, with unyielding and untiring effort, until the rights of our Catholic children shall be protected, or a system of our own, entirely separate and estranged from that of the public, shall have been established among us. Catholic education we must have. It is essential to the welfare, morals, happiness, and hopes of the rising generation. And no truce should be made—no amnesty proclaimed, until all what is demanded in justice and right be either conceded or ultimately refused. In either case, the children of the poor will be safe. And their safety must engross the hearty solicitude of all true believers in the faith which has been handed down to us from immemorial ages; and which can enter into no league whatever with the errors of the human mind.

CHURCH OF ST. PETER AT ROME.

The following measures of St Peter's are taken out of the authentic dimensions of the best architects of Rome, and compared with those of St. Paul, which are taken from the several points done by Platt, Hulsbury, Lens, Simons, and Harris.

	St. Peter's.	St. Paul's.
Length of the church porch	729 feet	500 feet.
Length of the cross	510	250
Breadth of the front with the turrets	364	180
Breadth of the fronts without the turrets	311	110
Breadth of the church and three naves	255	130
Breadth of the church and widest chapels	364	186
Length of the porch within	218	50
Breadth of the porch within	40	20
Length of the <i>platea</i> at the upper steps	291	100
Breadth of the nave at the door	87	40
Breadth of the side aisles	29	17
Distance between the pillars of the nave	44	25
The outward diameter of the cupola	189	145
The inward diameter of the cupola	138	100
From the door within the cupola	313	120
Outward diameter of the lantern	36	18
Whole space upon which one pillar stands	5906	875
Whole space upon which the pillars stand	33625	7000

HEIGHT.

From the ground to the top of the cross	437	340
The turrets.	289	222
To the tops of the highest statue upon the front	175	135
First pillars of the Corinthian order	74	33
Breadth of the same	9	4
Their bases	19	13
Their capitals	10	5
The lantern from the cupola to the ball	63	50
The ball in diameter	9	6
The cross with its ornament below	14	6
The statues upon the front with their pedestals	25	14
The outward slope of the cupola	85	50
The cupola and lantern from the cornish of the front to the top of the cross	280	240
The niches in the front.	20	14
Breadth of the same	9	5
First windows in the front	20	13
Breadth of the same	10	7

About 1000 years after the building of the ancient basilica, Nicholas V. seeing it threaten ruin beyond reparation, formed a plan for a new one, which was so vast and magnificent, that Vasary says he esteems it better to cover the design in silence, than to describe it; but this Pope's life passing away in projects, Julius II. took the matter seriously to heart, and having found several able architects, San Gallo, Baltas, Peruzzi, Raphael, and Bramante, he chose the last, and demolished half of the old basilica. Michael Angelo Bonorota, then young, was called to Rome by Julius, to erect his sepulchre, and loudly complained, on seeing the noble pillars erected by Constantine broken without care. He levelled a part of the Vatican hill, and by the Pope's orders, shut in the sepulchres of the martyrs within the new building. On the 18th April, 1506, Julius laid the first stone. In raising the chapel of Sextus IV. Michael Angelo disapproved of Bramantes' scaffolds, and proposed a method of mak-

ing the arches, so as to leave no holes for the scaffolds in the chapel which he was to paint. Julius, to promote the work, issued a bull, in which he granted various indulgences to those who should contribute to the fabric. This bull is famous, by the refractory and licentious endeavours of Luther and his followers, in decrying so pious a decree. In the year 1514, Bramante died, a man of a fiery imagination, always intent upon what might be magnificent, not careful enough of the solid part, which was exemplified in his having designed a cupola of strength very unequal to its height. After his death, Raphael studied to perfect the same design, according to which the cupola would have been 190 palms wide within: (i. e. 47 yards and a half.) Leo X. in 1513, recalled S. Gallo, and gave the fabric to him, Raphael and Baltascar Peruzzi. Under Paul III. S. Gallo gave another plan, according to which it was to be 260 yards long, and 90 broad. S. Gallo died in 1546, and the work was given to M. Angelo, who disapproved of S. Gallo's design, as gothic, with a number of useless pillars, and in 24 days, brought a new one square, more like that of Bramante, and that of Peruzzi: this plan so pleased the Pope, that he gave him full power for destroying what had been begun, and of building what he thought fit, stinting him neither in men nor money. Three years after, Paul died and was succeeded by Julius III. In the beginning of his reign loud outcries were raised against M. Angelo, for having diminished the plan of Bramante, making less ornaments than S. Gallo, and too few windows. But Michael Angelo soon answered to the objections, and having perceived a great fault made in the vault on the right hand, during his absence, he caused it all to be taken down again, and the arch to be made of Travertino, without any cement between: so nice was he in having every stone cut exact to its place. In 1557, he had all ready to put on the cupola, but being very old, the Cardinals, who had the care of the fabric, got him to give his full design, which was made by a Frenchman in a year's time, in wood, with all its dimensions. He died in 1564. The care of the design was given to Vignola by Pius V. who cased the Church with Travertino, according to the design of M. Angelo. Giacomo Della Porta succeeded Vignola: he built the Gregorian chapel, which cost 100,000 ducats, under Gregory XIII. as also the vault over St. Peter's altar. The pillars of the altar in the Gregorian chapel were carried from the temple of Romulus in Campo Vaccino: he placed here the body of St. Gregory, of Nazianzen. The cupola of this chapel was the first built at St. Peter's. Sixtus V. in 1588, began the great cupola under the direction of Gia. Della Porta, now grown old, and Domin. Fontana. with 500 workmen and 200,000 crowns of gold, finished it in 20 months as far as the lantern, which was also finished in 7 months more; all according to Michael Angelo's design was finished in 30 months, though not in the life of Sixtus V. who laid the last stone of the cupola.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE hope of uniting in one faith—blending into one and the same communion all the nameless sects which swarm over the face of Christendom, cannot

exist at present, nor is there any prospect whatever of the blessedness of such a state of things. The human mind has, from the beginning, defied authority—broken through all restraint—and generated the most deplorable division. Long before the Reformation, nay, immediately after the first propagation of the gospel, the field of the Church was filled with the tares of heresy. The Cerinthians, Ebionites, and the entire hive of Gnostics overspread it, and continued age after age, multiplying, with prolific fecundity, until they consolidated, thus to speak, in one immense mass, which, under the appellation of Arianism, (including all its modifications and consequences) pressed upon the Church, like a dead weight, for many successive years. During all eras, even the most religious, germs of licentious doctrines sprang forth—and flourished for a while. But, in the sixteenth century, the terrible convulsion occurred which separated from the apostolic chair, and from the centre of unity, all that portion of Christianity, which is comprised under the general head of PROTESTANTISM. The first character of this disunion was that of Lutheranism—the second of the Church of England—then that of Presbyterianism—then every other sect which has followed, as by a natural concatenation, down to the Mormonism of Missouri. The hope, we repeat it, of harmonizing these numberless discordant characters, were idle, and can never be realized. But the *paper wall*, as Jeremy Taylor styled it, which separates the Church of England from the Orthodox Church, why cannot that be taken down, and why cannot the two only Churches in which there is so much congeniality of character, be united once more? This is a question which forces itself upon the minds of deeply thinking persons, and has several times been urged by divines the most learned and pious of both communions. Grotius and Leibnitz and Bossuet have all yearned for this happy consummation. And the two former theologians, both Lutherans, have asserted, that in order to effect peace and perpetuate truth, the only proper course to be pursued, is to return to the unity of the ancient Church.

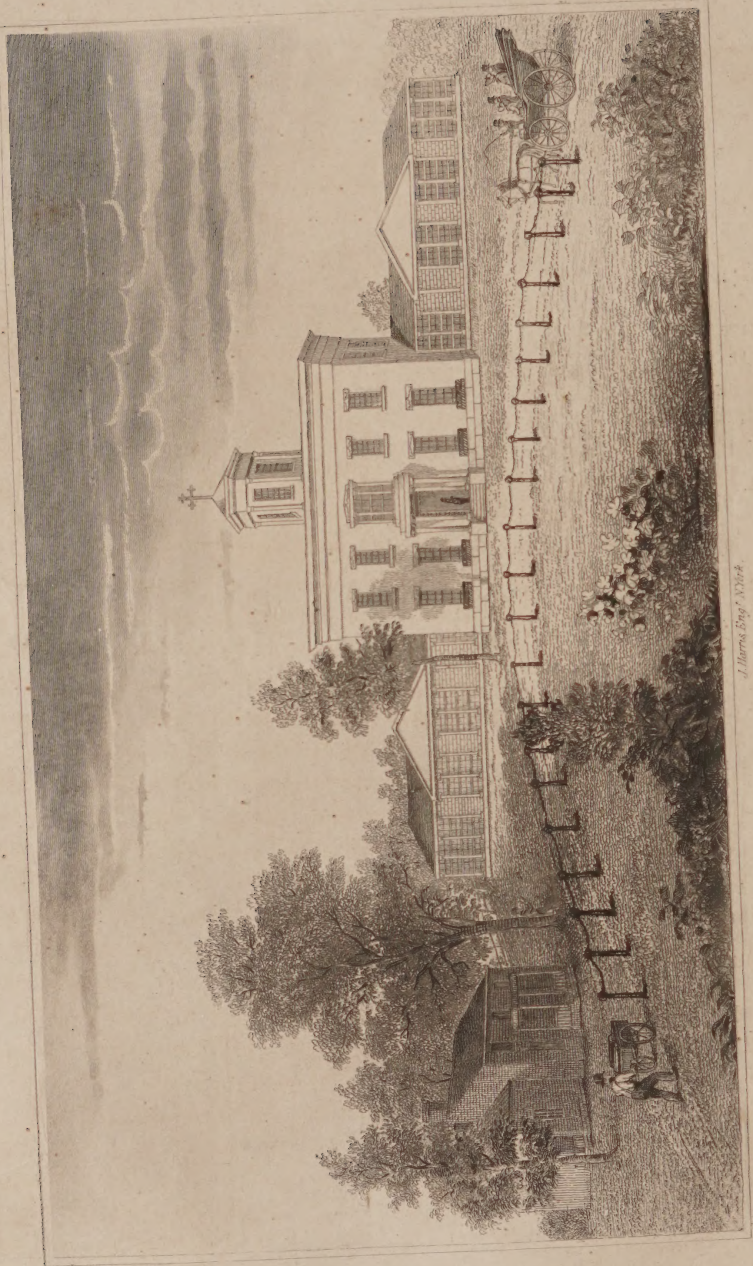
The authors of the Oxford Tracts, in the venerable shades of their once orthodox university, have leisurely contemplated the condition of the Church, and all agree in the necessity of resuming the ancient dogmas which had been discarded, but which they evidently find in the writings of the Fathers, and all the monuments of the primitive times. These discarded dogmas have been always preserved and cherished by Rome with jealous and sacred care—and through her have been inviolably handed down to the present generation. According to their own concession, therefore, it becomes their incumbent duty to go back to the Church in which these truths have ever been retained, and which but for her, would have, long since, been forgotten in the world.

A modern Prelate of that ancient Church, casting his eyes over the present state of feeling and conviction which seem to pervade the more thinking portion of the English Church, has deemed it opportune to make an appeal to the Protestant Bishops, and tender to them the olive branch of union. He points out to them the concessions made by one of their own great theologians, the Rev. Mr. Newman, regarding general councils—the authority of the Fathers—the *inspiration* of the apocrypha, the sacramental character of marriage, the

real presence, the Church's power of excommunicating Kings, the profitability of fasting, the propitiatory virtue of good works, the eucharistic commemoration, justification by inherent righteousness, and even **MASSSES**. And he shews very conclusively that if all these doctrines be found in the *homilies* (as Mr. Newman declares) and in the Church of Rome, there can be no objection of any reasonable character, if not of at once, returning to the obedience of the Pope, at least of taking the subject of union into serious and religious consideration. What motive have the Protestant bishops to wish to keep themselves out of the pale of that Church, which (in the language of that same divine) *alone*, amid all the errors and evils of her practical system, *has given free scope to the feelings of awe, mystery, tenderness; reverence, devotedness, and other feelings which may be especially called Catholic.* (Letter to Dr. Jelf.) For them the only subject to be considered, were they disposed to act in accordance with these convictions, would be how to remove the *errors and evils* of her *practical* system—if such now exist. But once admitting the awful, mysterious, tender, reverential, and devout character of her dogmas, it seems unreasonable to suppose that such dogmas could produce any systematic form of errors or evils.

With a truly apostolic spirit the learned bishop of Arath has presented this infinitely important subject to the consideration of the Protestant Prelates separated from the see of Rome, and sundered from the chain of succession which should bind them to the Fathers of the ancient Church. We should have hoped that this tender of peace would have been received with at least, a feeling of good will, and that the Prelates of the Protestant communion would have evinced something like a disposition to confer with a Christian, charitable spirit, on the subject. But we are sadly disappointed. The zeal and tolerance of the bishop of Arath have been illy reciprocated. They have met with no sympathy—they have been responded to by no congenial sentiments. On the contrary, by the "Churchman," he has been treated with sarcastic levity, and his effort to heal the wound of religion which has been bleeding on so copiously ever since the Reformation, has been hooted at with as much acrimony, as though he came to propose a union between Christianity and Mahommedanism. The Protestant bishops are determined pertinaciously to refuse their concurrence in the project of peace: and not only to refuse their concurrence, but if we may judge of all from one—the bishop of New Jersey—they seem more resolved than before to widen the awful breach, to keep open the terrific gap—and to build up, instead of the *paper wall*, before referred to, an *adamantine* separation. Let them look to it. The consequences will be upon their souls—yet in spite of their resolve to drown the voice of truth—it will cry out, and will not be silent. The echo of time and eternity will repeat it: "Come to us brethren—and be engrafted on the vine, that you may bear fruit unto everlasting life. . . Look up, we entreat you, to that chair, which, amidst the wreck of empires, remains in its sublime elevation Gregory XVI. invites you to return to the Church with the same authority and affection wherewith the first Gregory called your ancestors to her communion."

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